Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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THE MORGAN GAP GANG STARTS TROUBLE AND DE SPAIN TAKES IMMEDIATE ACTION

The region around Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky mountain mine country, is infested with stage-coach robbers, cattle rustlers and gunmen. The worst of these belong to the Morgan gang, whose hang-out is in Morgan Gap, a fertile valley about 20 miles from Sleepy Cat and near Calabasas, a point where the horses are changed on the stage line from the Thief River mines to the railroad. Jeffries, superintendent of the Mountain division, decides to break up the depredations of the bad men and appoints Henry de Spain general manager of the stage line. De Spain goes to Calabasas with John Lefevre as his assistant. Things begin to happen.

and this joint, Lefever had told him

was where the freighters and drivers

were not infrequently robbed of their

the house and entered a room of per-

side of the room. The left end, as they

faced the bar, was brought around to

escape a small window opening on a

Back of the bar itself, about midway,

trance to a rear room. Aside from

walls. Two windows flanking the front

door helped to light it, but not a mir-

ror, picture, chair, table, bottle or

glass was to be seen. De Spain cov-

ered every feature of the interior at a

emarked casually.

shoot bleh "

Mexican."

in a thousand miles,"

lance. "Quiet around here, John," he

"This is the quietest place in the

Rocky mountains most of the time, But

when it is noisy, believe me, it is

noisy. Look at the bullet holes in the

"The old story," remarked De Spain,

inspecting with mild-mannered interest

the punctured plastering, "they always

He walked over to the left end of the

ar, noting the hard usage shown by

the ornate mahogany, and spreading

nis hands wide open, palms-down, on

the face of it, glanced at the low win-

dow on his left, opening on the grav-

eled patio. He peered, in the semi-

darkness, at the battered door behind

"Henry," observed Lefever, "if you

re looking for a drink, it would only

De Spain, turning, looked all

around the room again. "You wouldn't

think," he said slowly, "from looking at

the place there was a road-agent with-

through the Superstition mountains

there was a lion within a thousand

miles. I've hunted them for eleven

when the dogs drove 'em out; but for

eleven years they saw me. If we

haven't been seen coming in here by

some of this Calabasas bunch, I miss

my guess," declared Lefever cheer-

The batten door behind the bar nov

began to open slowly and noiselessly.

in, man. This is no officer, no revenue

agent looking for your license. Meet

prowed and sullen, emerged very de-

liberately from the inner darkness into

the obscurity of the barroom, and bent

his one good eye searchingly on De

familiarly on the back of De Spain's

shoulder, "is our new manager, Mr.

Henry de Spain. Henry, shake hands

This invitation to shake hand

never shook hands with anybody; at

least if he did so, he extended, through

habit long inured, his left hand, with

an excuse for the soreness of his right

Pedro did not even but his remaining

eye at the invitation. The situation, as

Lefever facetiously remarked, re

mained about where it was before he

spoke, when the sound of galloping

horses came through the open door. A

moment later three men walked, sin-

gle file, into the room. De Spain stood

at the left end of the bar, and Lefever

introduced him to Gale Morgan, to

David Sassoon, and to Sassoon's crony,

Deaf Sandusky, as the new stage-line

manager. The later arrivals lined up

before the bar, Sandusky next to Le

fever and De Spain, so he could hear

what was said. Pedro from his der

produced two queer-looking bottles and

"De Spain," Gale Morgan began

bluntly, "one of our men was put off a

paso." He spoke without any pre

liminary compliments, and his heavy

De Spain, regarding him undis

Elpaso told me he put a man off his

"No," contradicted Morgan loudly

"not for fighting. Elpaso was drunk."

"What's the name of the man El-

paso put off, John?" asked De Spain.

Morgan hooked his thumb toward

supply of glasses.

voice was bellicose.

seemed an empty formality. De Spain

with Mexico."

"You wouldn't think, from riding

be fair, as well as politic, to call the

CHAPTER III.

of ne h

The Spanish Sinks.

In two extended groups, separated by a narrow but well-defined break, a magnificent rampart, named by Spanstretches beyond the horizon to the as the Spanish sinks. The break on the unlucky gambler's grave as he and against a cattleman." the eastern side of the chain comes De Spain rode into the canyon toward about twenty miles southwest of the inn. Sleepy Cat, and is marked on the north by the most striking, and in about the habitation. No man was insome respects most majestic peak in vited to enter, no man warned to keep Lefever cryptically. "Of course, I the range-Music mountain; the break out, none was anywhere in sight. The know," he asserted, earnest to the ttself has taken the name of its earliest stage men dismounted, threw their white settlers, and is called Morgan's lines, pushed open the front door of No railroad has ever yet penehaps sixteen by twenty feet. A long. trated this southern country, despite the fact that rich mines have been high bar stretched across the farther



For Many a Year the Morgans Have the bar. Been Overlords of the Music Moun-

ppened along these mountains, and are still being opened; but it lies today in much of the condition of primitive savagery, and lawlessness, as the word is conventionally accepted, that obtained when the first rush was made for the Thief River gold fields.

Business is done in this country; but business must halt everywhere with its means of communication, and in the Music Mountain country is still cests on the facilities of a stage line, years, and I never saw one except The bullion wagons still travel the difficult roads. They look for safety to their armed horsemen; the four and aix-horse stages look to the armed guard, the wayfarer must look to his horse and it should be a good one; fully. the mountain rancher to his rifle, the cattle thief to the moonless night, the bandit to his wits, the gunman to his Lefever peered through it. "Come in holster; these include practically all Pedro," he cried renssuringly, "come the people that travel the Spanish sinks, except the Morgans and the Mormons. The Mormons looked to the a friend, Pedro," he continued encour-Morgans for safety; the Morgans to agingly, as the swarthy publican, low-

For many a year the Morgans have een almost overlords of the Music Mountain country. They own, or have faid claim to, an extended territory in Spain. "This," Lefever's left hand lay the mountains, a Spanish grant. Morgan's gap opens south of Music mounmin, less than ten miles west of Calabasas. It is a narrow valley where valleys are more precious than water -for the mountain valley means water-and this in a country where wate to much more precious than life. And some of the best of this land at the foot of Music mountain was the ma-

ternal inheritance of Nan Morgan. At Calabasas the Thief River stage tine maintains completely equippe celny barns. They are over twenty miles from Sleepy Cat, but nearly fifty the other way from Thief river. And except a few shacks, there is nothing between Calabasas, Thief river and the mountains except sunshine and alkali. I say nothing, meaning especialby nothing in the way of a human habi-

The Calabasas inn stood in one of the loneliest canyons of the whole seventy miles between Sleepy Cat and Talef river; it looked in its depletion to be what it was, a somber, mysterid which was a ruin like those entious deserted structures somees seen in frontier towns-relics of stage of yours last week by Frank Else wide-open days, which stand afterrd, stark and somber, to serve as ward, stark and sometry. The inn at Calabanas looked its part-a haunt of stlers, a haven of nameless men, a turbed, answered after a little pause

The very first time De Spain made stage last week for fighting." inspection trip over the stage line in Lefever, he was conscious of the leter eir of this lonely building. He Lefever had ridden down from the months their horses were helps the man standing at his side. "Here's the man right here, Dave Sassoon."

seemed now to regard De Spain keen- | ter. ly, as the latter, still attending to Morgan's statement, replied: "Elpaso tella a pretty straight story.' "Elpaso couldn't tell a straight

story if he tried," interjected Sassoon. "I have the statement of three other passengers; they confirm Elpaso. Ac cording to them, Sassoon-" De Spain looked straight at the accused, "was drunk and abusive, and kept trying to put some of the other passengers off. Finally he put his feet in the lap of Pumperwasser, our tank and windmill nan, and Pumperwasser hit him."

Morgan, stepping back from the bar waved his hand with an air of finality toward his inoffensive companion: money. It was here that one of their "Here is Sassoon, right here-he can own men, Bill McCarty, once tell the whole story."

"scratched a man's neck" with a "Those fellows were miners," muttards the Superstition mountains, knife-which, Bill explained, he just tered Sassoon. His utterance was "happened" to have in his hand-for broken, but he spoke fast. "They'll south, along the vast depression known cheating at cards. Lefever pointed out side with the guards every time

"Sassoon," interposed Morgan belligerently, "is a man whose word can Not a sign of any sort was displayed always be depended on."

point of vehemence. "Everyone in Calabasas has the highest respect for Sassoon. That is understood. And.' he added with as much impressiveness as if he were talking sense, "everybody in Calabasas would be sorry to see Sassoon put off a stage. But Sassoon is off: that is the situation. We are sorry. court or patio to the rear of the room. If it occurs again-"

"What do you mean?" thundered a low door in the bare wall gave en- Morgan, resenting the interference. this the room presented nothing but What we want to know is, what you "De Spain is the manager, isn't he? are going to do about it?" he demanded, addressing De Spain again, "There is nothing more to be done,"

returned De Spain composedly. "I've another fight on a stage to put him off again.

Morgan's fist came down on the bar "Look here, De Spain! You come from Medicine Bend, don't you? Well, you can't bully Music Mountain men-understand that."

"Any time you have a real grievance, Morgan, I'll be glad to consider it," said De Spain. "When one of your men is drunk and quarrelsome he will be put off like any other disturber. That we can't avoid. Public stages can't be run any other way."

"All right," retorted Morgan. "If you take that tack for your new management, we'll see how you get along running stages down in this country," "We will run them peaceably, just as

long as we can," smiled De Spain, "We Ill get on with everybody that give us a chance."

Morgan pointed a finger at him. "I give you a chance, De Spain, right now, Will you discharge Elpaso?"

Morgan almost caught his breath at the refusal. But De Spain could be extremely blunt, and in the parting shots between the two he gave no

"Jeffries put me here to stop this kind of rowdyism on the stages," he said to Lefever on their way back to the barn. "This is a good time to begin. And Sassoon and Gale Morgan

are good men to begin with," he added. As the horses of the two men emerged from the canyon they saw a slender horsewoman riding in toward the barn from the Music Mountain trail. She stopped in front of McAlpin, the barn boss, who stood outside the office door. McAlpin, the old Medicine Bend barnman, had been promoted from Sleepy Cat by the new manager. De Spain recognized the roan pony, but, aside from that, a glance at the figure of the rider, as she sat with her back to him, was enough to assure him of Nan Morgan. He spurred ahead fast enough to overhenr a request she was making of Mc-Alpin to mail a letter for her. She also asked McAlpin, just as De Spain drew up, whether the down stage had

your letter if you wish." She looked at him in some surprise. and then glanced toward Lefever, who now rode up. De Spain was holding out his hand for the letter. His eyes met Nan's, and each felt the moment was a sort of challenge. De Spain, a little self-conscious under her inspection, was aware only of her rather fearless eyes and the dark hair under her fawn cowboy hat.

passed. McAlpin told her it had. De

Spain, touching his hat, spoke: "I am

going right up to Sleepy Cat. I'll mail

"Thank you," she responded evenly. "If the stage is gone I will hold it to add something." So saying, she tucked the letter inside her blouse and spoke to her pony, which turned leisurely down the road.

"I'm trying to get acquainted with your country today," returned De Spain, managing with his knee to keep his own horse moving alongside Nan as she edged away.

Nan, without speaking, ruthlessly widened the distance between the two. De Spain unobtrusively spurred his steed to greater activity. "You must have a great deal of game around you. Do you hunt?" he asked.

He knew she was famed as a bunt ress, but he could make no headway whatever against her studied reserve and when at length she excused herself and turned her pony from the Sleepy Cat road into the Morgan gap trail, De Spain had been defeated in every attempt to arouse the slightest interest in anything he had said. But, watching with regret, at the parting, the trim lines of her figure as she

face when the man looked at him, ex- as if a part of her spirited horse, he cept by implication; it was almost lin- felt only a fast-rising resolution to atpossible, without surprising him, to tempt again to break through her entch his eyes with your eyes. He stubborn reticence and know her bet-

CHAPTER IV.

First Blood at Calabasas Nothing more than De Spain's announcement that he would sustain his stage-guards was necessary to arouse

a violent recentment at Calabasas and among the Morgan following. The grievance against Elpaso was made general one along the line. His stage was singled out and ridden at times both by Sandusky and Logan-the really dangerous men of the Spanish sinks-and by Gale Morgan and Sassoon to stir up trouble.

All Calabasas knew that Elpaso, if he had to, would fight, and that the eccentric guard was not actually to be cornered with impunity. Even Logan. who, like Sandusky, was known to be without fear and without mercy, felt at least a respect for Elpaso's shortened shotgun, and stopped this side actual hostilities with him. Sassoon, however, nourished a particular grievance against the meditative guard, and his was one not tempered either by prudence or calculation. His chance came one night when Elpaso had unwisely allowed himself to be drawn into a card game at Calabasas inn. Elpaso was notoriously a stickler for a square deal at cards. A dispute found him without a friend in the room, Sassoon reached for him with a knife.

McAlpin was the first to get the news at the barn. He gave first ald to the helpless guard, and, without dreaming he could be got to a surgeon alive, rushed him in a light wagon to the hospital at Sleepy Cat, where it was said that he must have more lives than a wildcat. Sassoon, not caring to brave De Spain's anger in town, went teniporarily into hiding. Elpaso, in the end, justified his old reputation by already told Elpaso if Sassoon starts | making a recovery-haltingly, it is true, and with perilous intervals of sinking, but a recovery.

It was while he still lay in the hospital and hope was very low that De Spaln and Lefever rode, one hot morning, into Calabasas and were told by McAlpin that Sassoon had been seen within five minutes at the inn. To Lefever the news was like a bubbling spring to a thirsty man. His face beamed, he tightened his belt, shook out his gun, and looked with benevotent interest on De Spain, who stood pendering. "If you will stay right here, Henry," he averred convincingly, ", will go over and get Sassoon."

The chief stage-guard, Bob Scott the Indian, was in the barn. He smiled at Lefever's enthusiasm, "Sassoon," said he, "Is slippery."

"You'd better let us go see you do it," suggested De Spain who with the business in hand grew thoughtful.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," protested Lerever, raising one hand in deprecation, the other resting lightly on his holster. "We still have some little reputation to maintain along the sinks. Don't let us make it a posse for Sassoon." No one opposed him further, and he rode away alone.

"It won't be any trouble for Joh: to bring Sassoon In," murmured Scott, who spoke with a smile and in the low tone and deliberate manner of the Indian, "if he can find him."

Lefever rode down to the inn with out seeing a living thing anywhere about it. When he dismounted in front he thought he heard sounds with in the barroom, but, pushing open the door and looking circumspectly into the room before entering, he was surprised to find it empty. He noticed however, that the sash of the low win dow on his left, which looked into the patio, was open, and two heelmarks in the hard clay suggested that a man might have jumped through. Running out of the front door, he sprang into his saddle and rode to where he could signal De Spain and Scott to come up. He told his story as they joined him, and the three returned to the inn. A better tracker than either of his companions, Scott after a minute confirmed their belief that Sassoon must



Morgan's Fist Came Down on the Bar.

have escaped by the window. He then took the two men out to where some-one, within a few minutes, had mounted a horse and galloped off.

"But where has he gone?" demanded Lefever, pointing with his hand.
"There is the road both ways for three miles." Scott needed toward. the snow-capped peak of Music moun-tain. "Over to Morgan's, most likely.
He knows no one would follow him into the gap."

"After him!" cried Lefever botty, De Spain looked inquiringly at the guard. Scott shook his head. "That would be all right, but there's two other Calabasas men in the gap this afternoon it vouldn't be nice to mix with-Deaf Sandusky and Harvey Logan."

"We won't mix with them," suggest ed De Spain.

"If we tackle Sassoon, they'll mix with us," explained Scott. He reflect ed a moment. "They always stay at Gale Morgan's or Duke's. We might sneak Sassoon out without their getting on. Sassoon knows he is safe in the gap; but he'll hide even after he gets there. I've got the Thief River run this afternoon-'

"Don't take your run this afternoon," directed De Spain. "Telephone Sleepy Cat for a substitute. Suppose we go back, get something to eat, and you two ride singly over toward the gap this afternoon: He outside under cover to see whether Sassoon or his friends leave before night-there's only one way out of the place, they tell me. Then I will join you, and we'll ride in before daylight, and perhaps catch him while everybody is asleep."

"If you do," predicted Scott, in his deliberate way of expressing a conclusion, "I think you'll get him." It was so arranged.

De Spain joined his associates at dark outside the gap. Neither Sassoon nor his friends had been seen. The night was still, the sky cloudless, and as the three men with a led horse rode at midnight into the mountains, the great red heart of the Scorpion shone nfire in the southern sky. Sprending out when they rode between the mountain walls, they made their way without interruption silently toward their rendezvous, an aspen grove near which Purgatoire creek makes its way out of

You'll find in the next installment that De Spain has picked a mighty big job for himself. Not the least of his troubles in the immediate future is pretty Nan Morgan, pride of the gang.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR STUDY OF WILD ANIMALS

New York Zoological Society Intends to Establish a Tropical Station in British Guiana.

A new undertaking of the New York Zoological society is the establishment of a tropical station in British Guiana, for the study of the local fauna, especially birds. Money for the first year's work of the station was suppiled by Cleveland H. Dodge, Mortimer L. Schiff, C. Ledyard Blair, James J. Hill and George J. Gould; while the government of British Guiana has offered the use of its botanical gardens and wild government land. The officers of the new station comprise C. William Beebe, curator of birds in the New York zoological park, in charge; C. Innes Hartley, P. G. Howes and Donald Carter. It is proposed to build a bungalow at the edge of the jungle and equip it as a laboratory. One of the first birds to be studied will be the heazin (Opisthocomus cristatus), eaptivity, and concerning which there has been much controversy. One function of the station will be to collect and forward regularly supplies of living animals for the New York zoo.

Qualities of Salesmanship.

Integrity is one of the mightiest factors in salesmanship. If you have a reputation for stating facts exactly, for never attempting to gain momentary advantage through exaggeration, you possess the basis of all successful salesmanship.

Next to integrity comes personality. that indefinable charm that gives to men what perfume gives to flowers. Many of us think of salesmen as people traveling around with sample kits. Instead we are all salesmen every day of our lives. We are selling our ideas, our plans, our energies, our enthusiasms to those with whom we come in contact. Thus the man of genial presence is bound to accomplish much more under similar conditions than the man without it. If you have personality. cherish it; if you have not, cultivate it, for personality can be cultivated, although the task is not easy.-Charles M. Schwab, in the American Magazine.

Took It the Wrong Way. A draper is bemoaning the loss of a customer at L-. A lady was in the shop on Saturday and bought some

"How much is it?"

"One dollar." "Dear me! Ninety-five cents is all I have with me. Cannot you let me have it for that?"

"Really, I could not," said the draper, "but you can pay the next time you are in." "Oh, but suppose I should die?"

aughingly inquired the lady. "It would be a small loss," rejoined the draper, but he saw from behind the injured look the customer wore as she crept out of the door that he had made a mistake somewhere, though it did not dawn upon him until too late,-Exchange.

By Special Delivery. The burgar had just begun his term and was assigned to work in the broom factory. Near him was an oldish man who studied him intently and seemed to be awaiting an opportunity to say something. It came while the overseer was at the ice-water tank. "How long are you in for?" he whis-

"Three years," replied the new-

The veteran looked around nervous ly and thrust a letter in the burgiar's "I'm in for life," he said. "Mail this

when you get out."-Johnson's Smoke Rings. Eventually Got Wise

There are few men who have escaped waking up eventually to what a wonderful woman they have had all along for a wife.—Beltimore to OF BIG FORTUNE

Chance Given Fortune Is His, But He Despairs of Having "Fling."

SAFELY HIDDEN

If Liberated, He Will Toss Treasure Into Lake-If He Dies in Cell Secret Will Die With Him.

Chicago,-Within Jollet is a man serving his fourth prison sentence for crime. Blind chance has made him the master of a fortune, which, were he free, he could hardly spend during his lifetime. The only evidence of its existence is a key that dangles from his neck.

The thought of death-death in a prison cell-has brought the remarkable story of Convict No. 4725 to light. He told it for the first time recently in the private office of the warden of the penitentiary.

And this is the story, which-if it is true-rivals in weirdness of detail the most bizarre imaginings of a Dumas or

Released in 1915.

In December of 1915, No. 4725 was released from the penitentiary and began working to regain a place in society. For a time his efforts were rewarded. He began saving and made arrangements to marry and live down the past.

On his way home from work one night he was accosted by a man whom he had known in the past. The man with a good deal of secrecy, gave him a sealed envelope, which he told him not to open until he had reached home The envelope contained a key, a \$2 bill, and a paper of instructions. The paper directed him to a certain place where he would find a strong box wrapped in paper. This he was to keep with the key until a newspaper per sonal should tell him where to dispose

Number 4725-his name is William Mansfield Williams-waited until the



The Man Gave Him a Sealed Envelope.

advertisement appeared. He kept the appointment. The advertiser did not, For some days he waited. Then he opened the box.

Within it were several thousands of dollars in government bonds, and necklaces, and rings he could set no value upon. Frightened, he hid the box.

Another advertisement appeared. This time Williams did not appear. A few days later he was arrested on a charge of highway robbery. He was tried and sentenced to fourteen years. The chief witness against him in the trial was a fellow convict, with whom he had formed an acquaintance on leaving the prison. The case, Williams says, was a "frame."

From time to time since his imprisonment, Williams declares that he has received threatening letters. Death upon the expiration of his sentence is predicted unless the box is restored. Soul Aiready Dead.

"I hope it comes sooner than that," said Williams the other night. "My soul already is dead. Long years of imprisonment have made me indifferent. Three years more and I will die and be buried over near the prison quarry without their trouble.

"But when I go, the box and its contents will go with me, because it is hidden so safely that it never can be found. If it should chance that I live through the eight years more of my Imprisonment, my first act as a free man will be to throw it into Lake Michigan.

"Turn it over to the state? Why should I? Twelve years of my life behind prison bars have dissipated any impression that the state, has any regard for me. I have nothing to live for. Society has branded me as an undesirable. The only way to efface that stain is to die. I used to amuse myself in the early years of my imprisonmen writing to representatives of society for help that never came. I'm through with that now."

BURST HIS HEART HUGGING

Man Who Invented Manhole Scraper Lived Five Minutes After Pulse Ceased.

Waukegan, Ill.-Gideon P. Brown inventor of a manhole scraper recent ly adopted by the navy department, lived five minutes after beart action and pulse had subsided entirely, according to the belief of his wife.

Brown had just clasped her in his arms and given her a hearty squeeze. she said, when both heard a bursting sound and realized that a doctor's prediction had come true and that Brown's heart had burst.

"Help me to a sofa, I'm done for," Brown gasped. In five minutes be

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the Shoe and by protecting d stockings from this friction. imes its cost each year on your stock in he For over 25 years Allen's Foot Lase | seen the STANDARD REMEDY for h

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where, 25c. Sample FREE by mail. Address ALLEN & OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y. Nothing to Worry Over.

Guest-Gracious! You've spilt wine over my dress. Host-So sorry, but luckily none of It has gone on the carpet.

PREPARE MORE LAND -GROW MORE FOOD

"Seed and Feed" the Slogan of

the Year. The papers are filled with the appeal for soldiers, sailors and farmers, and all are timely, all are necessary. The sailor is needed to man the ships that protect the shores, police the sous and clear the ocean of tormenting and meddlesome masked buccaneergive help to the allies, to make mo efficient the present fighting units that are keeping free the sea falses and ocean routes. The soldler is reto keep alive and intact the m the nation and the freedom of world, to protect the lives of its c zens from incursions without and raids within, to guard the horor and preserve the dignity of the great United States, to render not only semilarate

but practical assistance to these wi for two and a half years on the ha tlefields of Flanders and the state of the East have been fighting for the freedom of the world against a naut autocratic and militarist Prassianism, which, were it to become siccessful, would mean autocratism, militarism and Prussianism, and a "getoff-the-sidewalkism" over the entire world. The allies are proud to welcome these new necessions to the lighting forces, which mean an earlier termination of the war and the dawn of

an era that will be historic, one that we will all be proud that we lived in. Throughout all Canada, Great Britain, France, and all the allied countries, when the news was received that the United States had entered the war, a thrill went up and down the nation's sides, and the pulses throbbed w new life, keenly appreciative of the practical sentiment that had brought to their sides an ally of the strength and virility of the United States. But the soldier and the sailor need to be fed, and therefore the cry for agricultural enlistment. The strength of the fighting man must be maintained. In his absence from the field there comes the necessity for provision to take his place. The appeal for farm help is well timed, opportune and important. There are vacant lands aplenty in the United States that, given a fair opportunity under competent advisement and reasonable help, will produce abundantly. Western Canada also provides an excellent field for the prosecution of work in growing wheat

and other grains, and while it is not the desire of the Canadian Government to draw from the resource of the United States, believing that it is the duty of every patriotic citizen to do all he possibly can to build up the stores of depleted foods and making use of every energy at home, the wish is to lay before the public the fact that Canada has millions of acres of excellent land capable of producing wonderful crops. If for any reason the reader, having patriotism and a love of his country in his heart, and a desire to forward the cause of the allies, cannot avail himself of the opportunities afforded in the United States, Western Canada will be glad to render him any assistance it can in locating him on its vacant areas, where large crops can be grown at minimum of cost. Let us grow the grain, raise the cattle, produce the food to feed our soldiers, our sailors and provide food for our allies, no matter whether it is done to the North or to the South of the boundary line that in th. bject in view should not be known as a boundary. Let us keep up the spirit of patriotism, whether it be growing grain in the United States or in Canada, but Canada, fully alive to the necessity, joins in the appeal of its allies—the

food,-Advertisement. He May Have Been, At That. "I have heard that Mrs. Gailbird's husband is a literary man," said Miss

United States-for more food and more

Inna Senttes. "Gee, that gives me some snappy

news. Where did you hear it?" asked "Why, it must be true. I heard fath-

er say he was a bookmaker. WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, gristly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it is the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

The Natural Procedure. "How do they begin an airplane neet?" "I guess they do it with a fir